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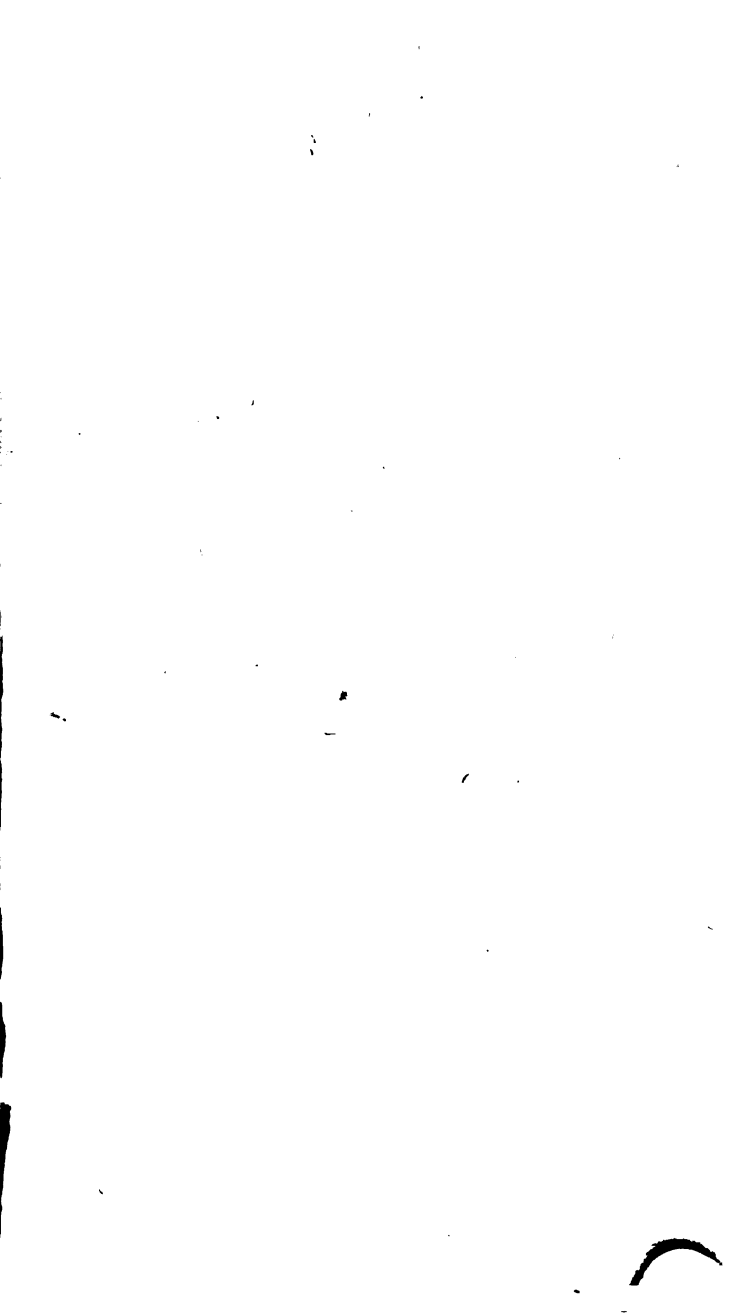
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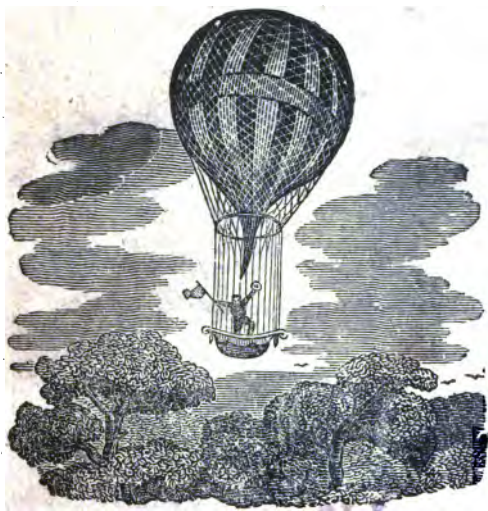
NEW-YORK SCENES,

DESIGNED FOR THE

Entertainment and Instruction

OF CHILDREN

OF CITY AND COUNTRY,



NEW-YORK:

MAHLON DAY, 374 PEARL-STREET.

1836.



FRONTISPIECE.



THE PROPERTY OF
Fred Haas.

NEW-YORK SCENES:

DESIGNED FOR THE
ENTERTAINMENT AND INSTRUCTION

OF

CITY AND COUNTRY CHILDREN.



NEW-YORK:

**PRINTED AND SOLD BY MAHLON DAY,
AT THE NEW JUVENILE BOOK-STORE,
NO. 376, PEARL-STREET.**

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1833.

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FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
1918

The first edition of this little work was printed several years ago. Since which time, divers changes have been made in the rooms of the City Hall, but this circumstance will not disturb the moral intended to be conveyed to children.

M. D.

11th mo. 1832.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.



The city of New-York is built upon the Island of Manhattan, now called New-York Island, which measures in length, from North to South, about 15 miles, and in breadth from a quarter to one mile.

The river Hudson, called also the North River, separates the Island from New-Jersey, and the river Harlem, from the continental part of the state of New-York; while the East River, which is a branch of the Sound, divides it from Long-Island.

By great labor and expense, the hills in that part of the Island on which the city is building, have been leveled, and deep valleys and marshy swamps filled up. Only a few years ago, there was a lake of fresh water, called the Collect, which is now filled up and become firm land in the midst of the city. Wide and well regulated streets, and comfortable and commodious houses and stores, now occupy a place, where, only a few years ago, the lads of New-York used to spend many an hour in the rational and pleasing amusement of skating.

Towards the North River, near that part of the city called Greenwich, there was a hill rising to a considerable height, on which was a country seat, beautifully situated with outhouses and groves of trees, called Bayard's Mount, which hill is now all dug away, and the ground laid out in level streets, and occupied with various buildings.—What is a little surprising, the extensive house that stood upon this hill, was, by means of machinery, let down in a whole state, from its towering height, and is become one of the many buildings, which now line the street in that pleasant and flourishing part of the city.

The Dutch, who were the original settlers of the place, do not appear to have had any fixed plan of building, or of laying out the streets, in a regular or systematic manner, when they took possession of the island, and first began to build this great city; nor even for many years afterwards. Hence the irregularity of the streets, and the uncouth looks of some of the houses, here and there still to be seen.

Since, however, the city is ranked among the first in point of magnitude, and inferior to few as regards the extent of business yearly transacted here, and vastly increasing, much pains have been taken, by the constituted authorities, to regulate and beautify its boundaries. The new part of the city is laid out in streets at right angles, and places are reserved for public squares and markets.

The circuit of the city is eight miles. A great many buildings are annually put up. The number of dwelling-houses is estimated at 30,000, and the inhabitants at about 220,000.

NEW-YORK SCENES.



TRINITY CHURCH, BROADWAY.

No one likely would come to New-York, to see its attractions, without walking through Broadway. It is a very wide street, straight and handsome. The stores are numerous, and display a great variety of fine goods, tastefully set off in the windows. Here is the silver-smith, with his shining wares; the looking-glass store, the bookseller, the print and toy shop, the hatter, dry-good merchants, druggists, and many other stores with innumerable fancy articles, pleasing to the eye.

But we do not state these things to induce people to buy what would be of no use to them. Far from it. Many of these goods, alas! afford to the purchaser but little of that comfort or utility, which such showy articles often allure the inexperienced to buy. Some things are made for use, others for ornament and show.

Perhaps we could not more strikingly arrest the attention of our youthful readers, on this point, than by copying a few sentences, by permission of the author, from that excellent and entertaining book for children, entitled **JACK HALYARD.**

"Jack and his brother Charles had just come to New-York to live. Every thing was new to the boys, who had never been in any city before. 'O uncle,' said Charles, 'what grand buildings and goods we have

seen ! Some negro boys were carrying things on a handbarrow. They stopped to let us look at them. There were some candlesticks : I never saw any a quarter so big before ; and they were all silver. There was a looking-glass, very large indeed. We examined the frame. It appeared to be solid gold. I should think there was gold enough in that frame to buy a good farm and cattle to put upon it. It was certainly most beautiful and elegant. O, I wish, uncle, we were rich enough to have such things.'

" 'Some people were cleaning a meeting-house. We went in at the door. There was a great number of curious ornaments. We could not tell what they were for : but we never saw any thing so handsome.'

" 'Take care, Charles,' said his uncle, 'that thy young eyes do not deceive thee. To-morrow, when I come again, I will talk with thee more about this affair.'

"The next morning when Mr. Lawrence, came, he took an old knee buckle, and a piece of looking-glass frame, out of his pocket, and showed them to Charles and Jack, and the two little girls. The knee buckle was brass, and had been plated with silver ; but the thin silver plate had all come off, except a few small spots. This buckle was covered with greenish rust, and looked much worse than if it had not been plated.

"Jack then looked at the piece of looking-glass frame gilt. It was a round piece of a column, about three inches long. When he turned the front side to him, it appeared like a solid pillar of gold ; but at the ends, and the backside, he saw it was only pine wood ; and the gold leaf that covered the foreside of it, was not the twentieth part as thick as paper. The pine wood was worm eaten : and as soon as they loosened the gilding, they could blow it away with their breath, it was so thin and light. 'O,' said Jack, 'I see now how I was deceived. I should never have thought that people could make such a thin covering look so smooth and solid.' 'See now, Charles,' said his uncle, 'a pattern of the city finery thou so much admirest. What empty show ! This useless glitter is the scorn of wise men ; but, among people of weak minds, it is one of the chief objects of pursuit. Remember, it is said to be the fashion in London to put the fair side out. Thou must examine well, my boy, and judge of people by their

conduct, and of things by their real worth, or thou wilt be deceived by false appearances: for an enticing outside often conceals worse things than the rusty brass, and decaying pine, which thou hast just seen. Thou must not estimate happiness by the size of a dwelling, nor merit by vain show. There are many silly heads in fine hats, and aching hearts in splendid houses. In a bustling city, a costly dress often covers a very vile person: for rogues can coat themselves over, with plate and gilding, as the workmen do their brass and pine, when the heart is very hollow, or very corrupt. If thy vest is plain, let it enclose a clear conscience; and remember that honest industry is the best seasoning for thy food. Why shouldst thou wish for childish trinkets, which would make thee neither wise nor happy? A boy of sense, should have a mind above such tinsel baubles. Whether men load their ears or noses with rings, and wear red feathers, and wampum, like the Indians; or shine in diamonds, and gewgaws, like Eastern courtiers, it is in substance the same thing. Virtue, knowledge, good sense, and active usefulness, are the proper ornaments of a free country. These will make thee esteemed by the wise and good, which is much better than to glitter and be gazed at by fools. The love of praise is natural to men. The principle is good, or it would not have been so deeply implanted: but people mistake their own interest, in the way they take to bring themselves into notice. As to the gay church, my child, which thou hast seen, dost thou think gaudy finery suitable to the religion of the Saviour, who was cradled in a manger, and wrapped in coarse garments; and whose whole life on earth was a censure upon worldly grandeur?"

"‘I begin to perceive, Uncle Jacob,’ said Jack, ‘that a great city is strangely mixed up with good and bad, and that a showy outside is not to be trusted. A boy, in this world must make a good use of his eyes, and all the wit he has, to keep clear of mistakes.’”



CITY HALL, PARK.

The City Hall is the most prominent building in New-York. It is said to be the handsomest structure in the United States; perhaps, of its size, in the world. This chaste and beautiful edifice stands near the upper end of the Park, and though somewhat encumbered by the vicinity of the Bridewell and Jail, the first a prison for felons, and the latter for debtors, it is seen to considerable advantage from almost every quarter. The building is of a square form, two stories in height, besides a basement story. It has a wing at each end. From the cupola, we have a fine view of the city, North and East rivers, the Bay, Jersey shore, Brooklyn, and a part of Long-Island and Sound. Strangers are attracted to examine this magnificent structure, and they find in the keeper a ready guide to its numerous rooms, which are appropriated to various public purposes. The Common Council Room is large, and very richly furnished, and ornamented with full length portraits of Washington, Hamilton, Clinton, and Lewis. Here the Mayor, Recorder, and Aldermen meet to regulate the affairs of the city. The Governor's Room, containing the portraits of several distinguished men, is in the second story, in the middle of the building, from whence we can walk on a platform, in front, and have a fine view of the Park, and adjoining houses in Broadway and Chatham-street. Other rooms are ap-

appropriated to divers courts of justice; among others the Sessions, which sets monthly for the trial of those who break the peace of society. The Recorder and two Aldermen take their seats upon the bench. The clerk and officers of the court are in front, with a large table for the lawyers and witnesses. In a box which is a little elevated, the criminal is placed. On the left hand of the judges are rows of benches for the jurors. The usual forms having been gone through, the Court opens, and then the District Attorney, in a loud voice, says to the High Constable, "Put A. B. (naming the culprit) to the bar!" Then away go two or more constables to the far end of the room, in each of the corners of which are two high iron railing grates, one for men, and one for women, in which the prisoners are put, and taken out, as the District Attorney calls for them. The constables unlock the massive doors, and lead the unhappy person to the box, before the judges. Here he is, exposed to the gaze of judges, lawyers, jurors and a multitude of others, enough of itself, one would think, to terrify evil doers. The trial now begins; a number of witnesses give in their testimony; the lawyers sum up the evidence, and plead the cause, one on one side and another on the other side of the question. Sometimes the trial lasts for many hours, nay, often as many days; sometimes it is soon ended, when the jurors retire to an adjoining room, and comparing their judgments in the matter, and having all agreed upon a verdict, return, marching in Indian file, and with solemn countenances, to resume their seats. What an anxious time to the prisoner! How he trembles in breathless anxiety! A solemn stillness pervades the whole room! All eyes are fixed upon the foreman of the jury, when he is called upon by the clerk, as follows: "What do you say, gentlemen; do you find the prisoner guilty, or not guilty?" If guilty, the prisoner is remanded back to his prison of bars and bolts; and when the term of the court is ended, he with others who may have been found guilty, are all called up before the judges to receive their sentences, some to the House of Refuge, and others to the Penitentiary or State Prison.

Now all this we print here, to let young people see the consequences of transgressing. Vice will surely

be punished:—Who then would do a wrong act! “How can I do this evil,” said Joseph, “and sin against God?” And how can children, who become wicked by lying, stealing, and other vices, ever expect to escape punishment! Did you but once seriously consider the pain and aching hearts you give to your parents or guardians, and even to the jurors and judges, who find themselves reluctantly obliged to punish offenders, you certainly would, if not entirely lost to every sense of duty, at least pause and think what you are doing!



POLICE OFFICE, CITY HALL.

Another room in this large Hall, is the Police Office. It is occupied by three magistrates, who are appointed for the purpose of catching rogues, that they may be brought to justice. JACK HALYARD, whom we mentioned before, “became acquainted with a constable by the name of Bailey. Jack one day went with this officer to the Police Office. Jack had never been in any court before. He saw three judges, sitting on a high bench, and a clerk, at a desk on their left hand, to write down their proceedings. There were many officers, with very large long staves, to attend on the judges, and bring up the criminals from every part of the city. Near the Police Office is the large jail, called Bridewell, built of stone, with iron bars across the windows. Jack staid at the Police Office about two hours, and in that time, he saw a number of very bad

sights. One mother came to complain of her own son. The wretch had struck her, and kicked her, and turned her out of doors. Her son was dragged up to the bar before the judges. He appeared to be about twenty-five years of age; and a terrible tempered, spiteful looking fellow. When he was quite a child, he was cruel and quarrelsome, and delighted in tormenting little innocent animals. He would catch flies, and stick pins through them, to fasten them to the window or wall. If he found the nest of a harmless wren, or chipping-bird, he would break the eggs, and tear the nest to pieces; for he seemed to take a kind of malignant pleasure, in seeing how birds would be distressed and flutter about. It would make a long story to tell half the bad conduct of this vile fellow. When he was small, his mother was so dotingly fond of him, that she did not like to correct his faults; but would run by night or day, to wait upon him. She thought he was cunning in his mischief, and used to laugh at it, when she knew that what he did was wrong. If she wanted him to do any thing for her, she would hire him with cake, or pie, or gingerbread, till he got so he would not do any thing for his own mother without pay. Sometimes, to scare him from a piece of mischief, she would threaten to whip him; but she would afterwards forget it, or think it best to let the affair pass. She supposed he would leave off his bad tricks himself, when he became older; but instead of that, for want of being properly corrected and taught, he constantly grew worse. The ungrateful monster had now got to such a high pitch of depravity, that he was striking his mother, and turning her out of doors, to pay her for all she had done for him, when he was a helpless babe.

"Jack was struck with horror, at seeing this fellow, and hearing what his own mother said about him. 'Is there a being in human form,' said he, 'who can so forget his duty to his parent? Perhaps his mother has unjustly accused him: for parents sometimes do wrong.'

"But an old gray headed man, who stood by them, said to Jack, 'My good little lad, there is no earthly tie stronger than the love of mothers for their children.—They have often been known to sacrifice their lives, in trying to save their babes from danger; and no ow-

man would come here to complain of her own son, unless he was far gone in wickedness.'

"The prisoner at the bar was bound over, to be tried at the next court. Jack looked very earnestly to see all that was going on at the police. He saw a witness called up to give evidence, about a criminal who stood there. The witness laid his right hand on a book, and swore very solemnly, that he would tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth: he kissed the book, and then went on to tell just how the matter was.

"Jack asked the constable, who was the author of that book. 'God is the author,' said Mr. Bailey: 'It is the Bible; and if the witness should swear falsely, he would be guilty of the horrid crime of perjury, and must go to the state prison; for this is the law.'

"There was a boy only twelve years old, brought there for stealing a pocket-book. The boy trembled all over, and could hardly stand up, without being held by the arms. His mother was there, and seemed as if her heart would break. She followed her son, when the officers took him. His father was dead. Jack Halyard thought about himself. His father was dead too. He had now come to live in the same city, and he began to think, what if he should make his mother feel as badly as that poor woman did. He could not help shedding tears.

"Jack told the constable that the poor boy's father was dead: his mother was in great distress; and it might be, that he was not guilty; but the boy could not deny his guilt. The proof was clear, and his own conscience condemned him. He confessed that he stole the pocket-book. He said he knew he had broken the law, and been very bad, and he would not make him still worse by telling lies. He depended on the mercy of the court.

"It was a melancholy reflection that this boy, who might have become a useful man, should, in the very morning of his life, forfeit his character, and his liberty, by making himself a vile felon. The judges and all the people felt compassion, for the poor, grieved, disconsolate woman: but they said there was no other way for the boy, but to lock him up in Bridewell; and

his broken-hearted mother returned to her home, to mourn for her lost son.

"The fact was, this little fellow would have done well, if he had kept out of bad company; but he fell in with two dishonest boys, a little older than himself, and they took him about with their gang of ill-mannered, lazy rogues, and led him on in mischief, till they brought him to this miserable situation. It was by their direction, that he went into a store and stole the pocket-book, with money in it, from the counter-drawer. One of these two boys was afterwards drowned in the East-River, near a place called Hell-Gate, and the other was sent to the State Prison for life.

"Some came forward at the Police with bloody faces. They had been fighting; and others were arraigned for different crimes. Some very bad people came there, half drunk, to complain of others, when they had themselves been the most to blame. The judges told these to go about their business, and behave better for the future.

"As Jack and the constable were going home, they had a good deal of talk about the crimes, and the miseries of a large city. Mr. Bailey told some stories about what had happened, which made his young companion stare with astonishment, and he said he did not know before, that there was half so much wickedness in the world.

As soon as Jack got home, he gave his mother and the family a very particular account of what he had seen. He said the sufferings of the people appeared to proceed chiefly from their vices, and he thought, if every body was honest, there would be little trouble in the world.

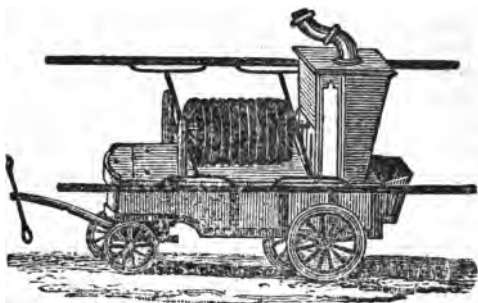
'Is it not strange, mother,' said he, 'that some people will be rogues, when they might know that they cannot be happy, if they are not good?' 'The bad conduct of the criminals,' he said, 'appeared to proceed from their being too selfish, or too lazy to work, or indulging bad tempers, or keeping bad company, or drinking too much.

'I overheard,' said Jack, 'some men talking on this subject. One of them said, that half of the crimes in this country proceeded from intemperance. This man seemed to be vexed that such things should be allowed.

He said there were thousands of beings, *human brutes*, he called them, who would stay half the night at a dirty tippling house, with a gang of silly, brawling, staggering toppers, and spend their last shilling for drams, when their poor children at home had not bread to eat.'

"'Is there no way, mother,' said Jack, 'that the mayor of the city, or the judges, or the governor of the state, could contrive to prevent so many people from getting drunk?'"

"His mother said drunkenness was indeed a degrading, and alarming evil, in this country, and, to be sure, if she was governor, she should have something done about it as soon as possible."



A FIRE ENGINE.

ALARM OF FIRE!

Here our young readers have a view of a scene which is, alas! often seen, and the consequences often felt by our citizens. It is no wonder, that out of 25,000 to 30,000 dwellings, which are in this city, besides numerous stores, churches, and various other structures, fires should frequently take place.

These fires, sometimes, are exceedingly distressing. To guard against such calamities, the city is well provided with Fire Engines, which are managed by companies of men, who choose a foreman, and on hearing an alarm, turn out in all weathers, and in all seasons, to subdue that excellent servant, but terrible master, FIRE.



A watchman is stationed in the cupola of the City Hall, where he has a prospect over the whole city. Upon the breaking out of a fire, it is from this station quickly discovered, when the watchman sounds the alarm bell, which soon puts others in motion, till oftentimes our ears are saluted with a peal of bells, of various sounds, producing a solemn and interesting feeling on the reflective mind.

The alarm becomes general. People run to the doors and windows to see which direction the fire is. A throng of people are seen running in the streets, crying fire! fire! fire! The engines are discovered coming with speed, drawn by a double row of men and boys, pulling with a long rope, that is made fast to the engines, which, in their rapid movements, seem to jar the whole island, as they rattle by the houses, over the pavements. We may see one engine after another, coming with great speed and noise, from all parts of the city. The foreman, with his speaking trumpet, bellows as loud as an ox, urging on his comrades, saying, "Hurry! Hurry! On! On! Haste!—Turn down Oak-street!"

Now it is that we behold the dreadful and heart-rending scene of burning houses; the halloeing of people; the cries of the distressed; the confused noise of cracking cinders, and falling timbers; the tumbling of walls and chimneys; men, women, and children often hardly escaping with their lives, running here and there with

bitter bewailings; furniture and wares hurried out into the streets: in short, such confusion, noise and distress, at which nature itself revolts!

Now again we behold the hook and ladder companies busy doing their duty. They put up huge long ladders on the burning houses, to rescue people from the upper stories, if any alas! should be so unfortunate as to be found in such a dreadful situation; or the men may be engaged in saving valuable goods from the raging fire. Others bold and active, are sent up the ladders with the pipe and hose, which is attached to an engine, and play it on the flames. The Fire Wardens, with their leather caps and speaking trumpets, loudly calling to the firemen, "Play away No. 33!" and on another side we may hear, "Play away No. 26!" "Play away No. 44!" "Up with that ladder!" Often have we trembled for the safety of these men, who seem to be almost roasting alive, and smothering in the smoke of the burning buildings; and sometimes, alas! they do suffer in falls, bruises, broken limbs, and in life itself!

"Clear away! Stand back! Keep off those goods!" say the civil officers, whose duty it is to attend every fire, to protect what property may have been saved from the raging element, from unprincipled wretches, who would, in this distressing season, take property which does not belong to them.

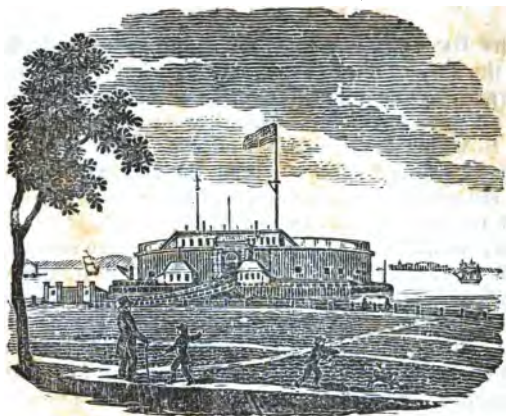
O what a time of confusion and destruction of property! perhaps the hard earnings of some industrious family, who for years have been toiling to get together some of the comforts of life. In one short hour, they are houseless and homeless!—and, too often, alas! friendless too!

Now ye benevolent, open ye your hearts! Come here and behold helpless naked children, weeping mothers, and desponding fathers! Who would not, at such a moment, stretch out a helping hand to the relief of suffering humanity!

THE BATTERY.

THE BATTERY is a most charming promenade, fronting the Bay of New-York, and has lately been much enlarged, by an extensive circular addition in front. It is an open space on the south-west point of the island, to which every one has access. The view from this spot embraces the whole of the Bay, and the adjacent shores of New-Jersey, Staten and Long-Islands. Here we have before our eyes, the majestic Hudson River, more than two miles wide; and we see a part of the city, which extends three miles in length, the wharfs of which are lined with vessels, like a leafless forest, with the flags of different nations waving in the wind. Children from the country would gaze with wonder at the numerous vessels, entering and leaving the harbor, and sailing in every direction. The steamboats, too, form an additional interest to the view from this spot. You may see the black smoke of several of them at a time, pouring from their furnaces, curling and rolling in a thick cloud, streamed far away in the gentle breeze.

In a hot summer's day, nothing can be more delightful, than to spend an hour on the Battery, where the fresh sea breezes, which constantly blow on this favored spot, regale and invigorate the visitors. The walks are well laid out, and kept in good order, and are very extensive. When the weather is pleasant, hundreds of people, singly, or in pairs, or groups, are here seen walking hither and thither. And the pleasure of the walk, is now diversified, by an additional attraction there is for the citizens to regale themselves at the Castle Garden.



CASTLE GARDEN.*

This place is so called, from its being converted from a fort or castle, to a singular but agreeable resort for our citizens; which, from its situation, is well calculated to give animation to the body, and a most pleasing relief from the cares and bustles of a city life. It is situated on the west side of the Battery, and, till within a few years, belonged to the National Government, who transferred it to the city of New-York, of whom it is hired by individuals, who have now converted it to a place of recreation.

On entering the gates of the Battery, one's attention is soon attracted by the singular appearance of the Castle, planted in the midst of waves. As we draw near, and cross the drawbridge, to enter the garden, we will be struck with the vast thickness of the walls, the massive portals, the air of solidity and security, of neatness, comfort, and convenience that distinguish it. If we have been pleased with the appearance of this singular garden so far, we cannot be less so as we mount the terrace, and look around. Such a combi-

* The publisher wishes not to be understood as giving his approbation to the amusements and pastimes, which have usually attracted people to the Castle Garden. But it is however, conceived to be both rational and allowable, for a stranger, on a summer's day, when it is quiet and free from crowds, to spend a little time there, to enjoy the bracing breeze, and the delightful natural scenery, so strikingly interesting to visitors.

nation of nature and art ! such a scenery ! On one side we behold the Battery, and the stately buildings of the city which surround it ; on the other, the broad expanse of the Bay, with its islands, forts, and castles, and its beautifully variegated shores ; the many busy sails of commerce passing to and fro ; the rapidly moving steam-boats ; the swiftly gliding barges and streamers ; the forest of masts which line the city wharfs ; the large stately ships riding at anchor, where all the navies in the world might lie in safety,—all this forms a spectacle truly interesting and grand—all this may be seen from the terrace of Castle Garden.



MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE.

This fine building is well calculated to attract the attention of strangers visiting New-York. It is in Wall-street, and considered the centre of business, being in the midst of Banks, Insurance Offices, Daily Newspapers, Brokers, Merchants, &c. The front is built of white marble, procured in West Chester County, about eighteen miles from the city. There are four massive columns, weighing 18 tons each, of one entire block of marble, in front, whose huge size seemed to defy the art of man to place where they are ; but this was done after much labor, with a large company of men. This building is well worth a visit from our young country friends, when they come to the city. In it is the post office, occupying a good part of the ground floor, where people can apply for and receive letters, under cover. Immense numbers of letters from all quarters of the world, which arrive in vessels, and also from the vast stretch of our own highly favored country, come to this post-office, and are quickly distributed—some ships bring from five to six thousand letters at a time. Our young friends in the country have often seen, no doubt, a honey comb. In much the same manner, boxes for letters are fixed, before a glass case, and numbered, so that a merchant for instance, occupying No. 594, can at once see if there are any letters for him. The rest of the ground floor

is occupied with Insurance Offices, Brokers, and Lottery Offices.*

On the first floor is the "PRINCIPAL ROOM," as large as any church, perhaps, in the country, which is in the centre of the building, and is the great resort of the merchants, where they meet and hear the news of the day, exchange goods, or learn of the prices in New-York and other markets. If the Post-Office department has cells or boxes resembling a beehive, here may be heard a great buzzing noise, about two or three o'clock in the afternoon, from a great body of merchants, comparable to a hive of bees themselves, for an hour or more, especially when any important arrival takes place. Thousands and thousands of dollars *exchange* hands in this great room at such meetings. The merchants pay ten dollars per annum for the privilege of resorting here to transact business.

There are various doors leading out of this room, to offices adjacent, to wit: three daily newspaper offices, two insurance offices, and to another great room,

* By mentioning Lottery Offices, we do not wish our young readers to conclude, that we approve of them—by no means. We could wish, and that very sincerely, that there was not such a business known, as the Lottery business. For what name do you think it may be called?—why, nothing less than gambling—and that in an open authorised manner. And is it not strange that wise assembly-men, and grave senators, should countenance a business that tends to injure so many poor people?—for it is the poor and unwary, principally, who suffer thereby. People of sense and thoughtfulness, will not pollute their lives in buying a lottery ticket. When we were lately in Philadelphia, many of these stores were seen, brilliantly lighted up evenings, with large staring capital letters, "Lucky Office"—capital prize **25.000** Dls. **20.000** Dollars, &c. &c. much like the large signs we see at tippling houses, inviting people to come in. And we noticed that these Lottery Offices, like the grog shops, have a screen before their doors, so that people may be hid from public view when they are buying tickets. This conveys the idea, that all is not right—for why should people be afraid to be seen, in a reputable business? A merchant who sells calico, or molasses, or a barrel of flour, is not afraid to be seen selling those things. A carpenter, or a mason, or a printer, or a wheelwright, are not ashamed to be seen working at their business. A farmer works in the open fields, (hid, if hid at all, only by the foliage of the trees,) is happy, because engaged in an honest business. Then why should people wish to screen themselves from public view? it is because there is an odium attached to the Lottery business; public sentiment sets against it. A good man, would, with a serious, solemn countenance, say to you, "Young men! do not be seen there!" [First edition printed in 1830.]

where real estate is sold at auction. The upper rooms are occupied by various persons of business, the whole forming quite a company of active stirring men.

From the most elevated part of the dome or steeple, the view is very fine of the surrounding country, for more than 20 miles. The great Hudson and East River, with the numerous islands in the bay, that spreads its ample bosom to the south and west, together with the shores of New-Jersey and Long-Island, present one of the most pleasing prospects in the world. On the top of the dome, is fixed a signal pole, and a person is in constant attendance, to make known to the merchants the approach of vessels. On Staten Island, is another set of signal poles, which communicate with another on the High-lands of Nerversink, in New-Jersey, near the great Light House, by which means we learn that vessels are coming, and even sometimes the names known, when they are more than 40 miles off from the city. It is amusing to see these signals working—sometimes up, then down again, then angular, or sloping, sometimes two extending, like two arms; all with a meaning well known to them who are interested in the safe arrival of vessels.

The purchase of the ground occupied by this vast structure, and its erection, cost 230,000 dollars. I was completed in three years, in consequence of which many desirable and valuable improvements have taken place in its immediate vicinity; there being entire new streets made, and vast ranges of four-story store erected.

THE END.



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